

COMPLETE SURRENDER

BY CELESTE

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RUTH CAMERON had come from Baltimore to be Gertrude Levering's bridesmaid. She was a bright, dark-eyed little brunette, with a bewitching way of showing her dimples that charmed her admirers. Herbert Stanley had seemed a trifle put out when his sweetheart told him that her friend was coming.

"She's my dearest friend, Herbert; I want you to know and like her for my sake."

"All right, Gertrude, if she does not monopolize all of your time these last weeks of our courtship, I'll be nice to her," was his answer.

When Gertrude introduced "Dr. Stanley, Miss Cameron," an unmistakable look of recognition in their eyes and a

I leave tonight for the Philippines, and with the knowledge of all that I have lost hope that I may never see this place again, because it is the grave of my hopes and happiness.

HERBERT STANLEY.

Just after one of the battles near Manila a ship landed bearing supplies and two or three nurses who had come out as volunteers to help care for the wounded. There was great need of them, as there was much sickness from fevers, as well as those who had fallen in battle, so the new nurses were at once assigned work they could do. One tall, fair-haired young woman, possessed of more than ordinary beauty, seemed eager to be instructed in the duties of a nurse, confessing that she was a novice. She had a proud, sad face, clear



roughish laugh hovering around Ruth's mouth made Gertrude exclaim: "Why, you two know each other; why did you never tell me?"

"We knew each other through your letters, Gertrude," replied Ruth, with quick woman's wit, "and I hope we will be the best of friends, Dr. Stanley."

Herbert Stanley looked at Ruth reproachfully, as he bit his lip nervously. He was not used to dissembling, and did not do it well, unfortunately.

Gertrude, proud and hurt, asked no more questions. She felt sure that Herbert would tell her what it meant; but he did not, and there arose a cloud which grew darker and darker until it threatened to destroy the happiness of the train. At last the storm burst.

Gertrude had twice happened upon her lover and friend when they were too much occupied with their own conversation to notice her entrance. Once Ruth was in tears, and when Dr. Stanley had patted her cheek affectionately she had seized his hand and kissed it. That same evening at the opera, Ruth had left her escort in the front of the box with her friend while she sat back, waiting for Dr. Stanley, who had been delayed. Miss Levering made no sign that she noticed it, but when her fiancé entered and sat by her side, she noticed which the impulsive girl kissed before concealing it in her bosom, the climax was reached, war was declared. Rising like an outraged queen, Gertrude asked Mr. Richards to take her home. Both Herbert and Ruth jumped to their feet and asked in alarm: "Are you ill, Gertrude?"

Turning her eyes full of scorn upon the man whose wife she had promised to be, she turned from him to Ruth and said: "Miss Cameron, you will make yourself comfortable and command my servants, so long as you remain in my house, but I shall not again appear, for I refuse longer to come in contact with deceit and treachery." Sweeping past them without a word to her lover, she left them. Herbert Stanley stood watching her, his face white and stern.

"Oh, Bert, what have I done?" cried Ruth in a tragic whisper. "I have ruined your happiness; take me home and I will tell Gertrude everything."

"No! I will be the one to make explanations; she should have trusted me."

"You don't know girls, Bert; she has fought with her suspicions ever since the day we first met here; I had no right to come and spoil your life and hers after all you have done for me. I shall tell her everything about it, no matter whether Tom likes it or not."

"The first thing that greeted Gertrude Levering's eyes when she left her bed where she had tossed in an agony of heartache, was a large bunch of sweet violets and this note:

"My Darling—I have an explanation to make which I have delayed for the sake of another. You have misjudged both my girl and myself, but I do not wonder, and I want to tell you the secret we have kept from you. Let me know when I may see you, and believe me always, devoted yours,

"HERBERT STANLEY."

The messenger returned laden with packages, among them the violets and the reply to his note.

Miss Levering declines to see Dr. Stanley, and with the return of all gifts cancels her obligation and acquaintance with him. That night Dr. Stanley left home after having written and mailed the following letter to the girl he loved better than his own life: "Gertrude, still dear to me, I write because it is due not only to myself, but to you and to Ruth that you should know the truth, although I shall be beyond reach when you read it. Ruth Cameron Stanley is my brother's wife. They were married secretly one year ago in Paris. I came across them, and it was lucky that it was no one else, as Tom would have lost his large fortune had our uncle found out that he was married. Uncle John was a woman-hater of the most bitter kind, and he chose Tom for his heir because he believed him to share the same sentiments. I gave him word of this marriage until Uncle John's death, and I have done so at the cost of all that made life dear to me. The letter I gave Ruth at the opera was the one which made us free to tell the world. Will you grant her the protection of your home a day or two, as her husband will be there as soon as Uncle John is buried. I have always been true to you in thought and deed, and I curse the hour in which I made a promise even to my brother which has ruined my life and made it valueless to me."

cut, patrician features, which the garb of the nurse could not hide. The surgeon in charge gave her a patient who was recovering from a wound and impatient under the restraint of weakness. Laying her soft, cool hand on his forehead, she asked him a few questions, then sat by the bedside, fanning him gently. It was twilight, and she wondered whether her coming would be in vain; it seemed almost wicked to think that the suffering of these poor fellows around her had been her least thought when she started, for her heart went out in pity for them as she saw how much they needed the care of gentle hands. One of the surgeons entered and walked toward her charge. The new nurse listened. Surely she knew that footstep; nearer, nearer he came. "Oh, what would he think when he knew that she had followed him?"

Dr. Stanley paused and stood like one in a dream, his eyes riveted on the bowed head of the slender, black-robed young woman before him. "Why was the light so dim; would she never look up?" His heart cried out against this resemblance, "for, of course, it would only be that!" "Gertie," he said softly, almost under his breath, "Gertie, my darling!"

The new nurse raised her eyes, and Herbert Stanley knew that it was a complete surrender.

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A GIFTED MANIAC.

Kraus, the Sculptor, Abandons His Masterpiece For Madhouse.

(Philadelphia North American.)

Struggling to complete the masterpiece of his life, Sculptor Adolph Robert Kraus was driven mad by the cares of poverty. He is now an inmate of the state asylum in Danvers.

Fate played a strange game with this man of genius.

She smiled on him at first, and his soul, expanding under the kindly warmth, produced works of the highest art. Many of his fairest dreams took shape and, bodied forth in the solid marble, became an inspiration to his fellows and a lasting ornament to the city of his adoption.

Until the very day when the curtain fell upon the tragedy there had opened before him like a celestial vision the hope of a complete realization of his ambition—a place among the immortals in the House Beautiful of Art.

On the other hand loomed the menacing specters of poverty, despair, starvation and death. And standing thus at the parting of the ways, he saw the cup of success dashed from his very lips. It was then he became a madman.

In a city whose public park boasts his work in bronze, whose state house has placed one of his marble creations in a niche to commemorate a great man, he had walked the streets for months, getting poorer and more discouraged. He was unable to secure the little money needed to finish the work that had been for years his fond dream, the work that he believed would have made him immortal—a gigantic figure of "Belshazzar Sealing the Writing on the Wall."

Prosperity seemed assured to the artist a few years ago when he had become established in Boston. Not doubting that his fame was secure, Kraus began work on his great "Belshazzar." Day by day the conception grew into form. The figure is seated on a sculptured throne, the head turned to the left as the monarch looks over his shoulder and upward at the wall with an expression of fear and astonishment. The costume and the arrangement of the hair and beard were very novel, as innovations in plastic art.

Kraus' fellow-artists saw the work when it was nearing completion, and wondered at its beauty. They told the maker that he was producing his masterpiece. "Yes," he said, "I have intended for a long time to work on this 'Belshazzar,' but I have had other work to do that would let it wait. There was no other work, though, and the time came when Kraus sought aid in vain.

Neglected in the center of his studio, the clay model of Belshazzar dried and cracked.

Day by day the artist watched the figure crumble beneath his eyes. At last the beard between he had toiled long hours to produce a particular effect, began to crack and drop off.

Still Kraus would not believe that sight, but a temporary setback to the course of his work was threatened.

He doubted his efforts both to complete the statue and to find work that should in the meantime provide clothes and food for the needy family dependent on him. They had perfect confidence in him, and bore with heroic patience an ever-increasing series of annoyances and deprivations—the lot of those who are falling from a state of competence to the sharp, thorny paths of want.

Then one day the figure sank forward and the head had to be removed. Great fissures appeared in the limbs and the folds of the robe.

For hours and for days at a time Kraus would sit in the bare studio and see his life's dream fading.

He grew moody at times and his thoughts from thenceforth dwelt less and less on the chances of ultimate success and lingered more on the dread possibility of failure.

Still there was to the very last no yielding in his spirit. He was firmly fixed in the resolution to make of the "Belshazzar" a masterpiece. He saw in his mind's eye the restoration of his fallen fortunes, the happiness of his family and in the distance the heroic earned acclamations of his fellow-artists.

To his wife the sorrowing artist made no complaint. When she consoled with him and tried to distract his thoughts from the bitter subject he only sighed and turned away hopeless and beyond sympathy. Thus he brooded for months, and by the time the "Belshazzar" had become an utter ruin the mind of its creator, too, was gone.

One afternoon in July Kraus returned home after a last vain effort to secure the money his family so desperately needed. His devoted wife saw him leave the car, and it seemed to her that he walked strangely. Once in the house, she was horror-stricken to perceive that what she had dimly feared was now reality. The man was mad.

Doctors were called. They shook their heads, and no change for the better coming. Mrs. Kraus was obliged to ask that her husband be sent to Danvers.

Kraus was born in Zoulenrode, Germany, in 1850. At the age of 14 he began work as a stone and wood carver. He improved rapidly, opened a studio, and at the age of 23 had enough money to go to Rome, where he studied with Emilio Wolf. After one year in Rome he took the first prize in the Royal Institute of Fine Arts, established a short time before by the Italian government. Because of the merit of his work, "The Puritan," shown at that time, he was awarded a small pension by the Prussian government by order of Emperor William.

In 1876 he went to Germany and opened a school of architecture, but this did not succeed, and he removed to London. There in 1880 he married Miss Annie Cullimore, and in the following year came to America, settling in Philadelphia. Later he lived in New York and some years ago came to Boston.

Among the notable sculptures he has made since coming to this country is the Crispus Attucks monument on Boston Common, erected to the memory of the first man that died in the struggle for American liberty. Attucks was a negro and was shot in front of the state house in this city in what is known as the Boston Massacre.

In the state house on Beacon Hill is a marble bust of Governor Oliver Ames, which Mr. Kraus made by direction of the state. In the Mechanics' building is a bust of Paul Revere, pronounced one of the finest sculptures in the country. Another bust that has not been seen by the public is that of ex-Mayor Lincoln, also a notable work.

In Forest Hills cemetery are several of his best conceptions, among them the Jacob Wirth monument. He has made a head of Christ that is a marvel of beauty and strength.

More Glory.

(Colorado Telegraph.)

When Funston Swam the river He acquired A lasting fame, And those who Sought for heroes Grew familiar With his name.

It seems that He was chosen As the humble Tool of fate To shed some Sort of lustre On the poor Old Sunflower state And later, When he captured Aguinaldo In the wood, He whooped it Up for Funston And we praised Him all we could. That startling Act of daring Claimed his claim To great renown, And people Talked of Funston In each city, Yes, and town.

In fact we Have been longing For this hero To return— To some celebrations Wait him, And the money's Here to burn. But he has not Quite finished Having pleasure In that land— His vermillion Appendix Was cut out, I understand.

He got Appendicitis, But he did not Get the blues: The surgeons did Some cutting, And his name got In the news. His vermiform Appendix Has been missing Since. How nice! But Funston Is a hero— His appendix Cuts no ice.

No Divorce For One Spanking.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

Judge Chetlain has rendered a legal decision that a man may spank his wife without being guilty of extreme and repeated cruelty. Mrs. Anna V. Harris thinks differently. Her husband hasn't said what he thinks. In the Harris case the "spanking," otherwise Mrs. Harris, feelingly related her tale of woe to the court yesterday. She spoke thus:

"I approached my husband one evening to caress him. He pushed me away. He said he did not love me any more. He burst into tears. He pushed me through the door and spanked me with his hand. I had my night dress on at the time. I felt very much hurt."

The judge was listening very attentively.

"Yes," he said, sympathizingly. "Go on." Then Mrs. Harris told how her husband had at hand had a pin, which he thrown water upon her and called her names. By this time she was smiling at her own story. Her husband listened with rapid attention.

When it was done Judge Chetlain said that he did not consider one spanking sufficient cause for divorce, and gave Mrs. Harris the privilege of amending her petition of divorce to one for separate maintenance. She decided that she would not do it, and the case was dismissed.

Why They're in Demand.

(New York Mail and Express.)

All of President Roosevelt's appointments have a refreshing snap about them.

Are You Troubled with pimples, or is your complexion cloudy? If so, one dose of Lane's Tea will make a change. It purifies the blood, cures a foul breath, makes your complexion clear and drives pimples and black heads from the face. 50c and 25c packages. For sale by Gold-Pitts Drug Company.

Prices down! Quality up!!

Centre Tables.

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Full size, upholstered in velour, elastic oil tempered springs, well made and durable, equal to any couch at double the price.

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75 Wood Seat Dining Chairs

With Wide Ornamental Top.

75c Each

Your Credit Is Good.

Folding Beds.

This beautiful Upright Folding Bed, full size, nicely finished, only—

\$19.75

Rockers.

We show over 20 styles of Rockers, in all woods. Now is the time to select your Christmas Rockers. Our special this week is a big arm cobbler seat for—

\$2.75

Combination Book Case.

We show a large line of Combination Bookcases and Writing Desks. Here is one of the good ones that we are going to run this week for

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1 pair Muslin, ruffled; regular price \$2.75	\$1.90
1 pair Novelty, new design; regular price \$4.50	\$2.65
1 pair Novelty, new design; regular price \$2.25	\$1.10
1 pair Novelty, new design; regular price \$1.50	90c
1 pair Novelty, new design; regular price \$4.50	\$2.65
1 pair Novelty, ribbon effect; regular price \$1.50	\$3.95
2 1/2 pair Novelty, Brussels net; regular price \$7.00	\$4.25
2 pair Novelty, ruffled; regular price \$5.75	\$3.00
2 pair Arabian; regular price \$3.50	\$3.45
1 pair Point de Paris; regular price \$3.00	\$6.30
1 pair Battenberg; regular price \$11.50	\$7.35
1 pair Brussels Net; regular price \$2.00	\$7.75
1 pair Battenberg; regular price \$5.50	\$6.25
1 pair Renaissance; regular price \$7.00	\$17.65

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